

LOVE of FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
SATIRE VI.
On W O M E N.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Lady *Elizabeth Germain.*

Interdum tamen & tollis Comœdia vocem.

HOR.

D U B L I N :

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M D C C X X V I I I .

LOVE OF WOMEN

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION

SATIRE VI

OF WOMEN

IN THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BUNYAN

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON



SATIRE VI.



Sought a patroness, but sought in vain.

Apollo whisper'd in my ear--"*Germaine*—

I know her not—"Your reason's some-
what odd;

"Who knows his patron, now? reply'd
"the God.

"Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
"Then steal great names to shield them from the Town.
"Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
"To covert flys, of *praise* itself afraid;
"Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a Volume in *her praise*.
"Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
"When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye Fair! to draw your excellence at length,
 Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
 You, *here*, in miniature your pictures see;
 Nor hope from *Zincks* more justice, than from me.
 My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
 His portraits will *in flame*, mine *quench* your pride;
 He's *dear*, you *frugal*; chuse my *cheaper* lay,
 And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
 To *Church* as constant, as to *Drury-lane*.
 She decently, *inform*, pays Heav'n its due;
 And makes a civil *visit* to her *Pew*.
 Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
 Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:
 Curt'sies to curt'sies; then, with grace succeed,
 Not one the Fair omits, but at the *creed*.
 Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to speak;
 Thro' dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break;
 Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
 To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
 But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
 For they're before their Maker, — and *mankind*:

When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred,
Drusfa receives her visitants in bed.

But chaste as ice, this *Vesta* to defie
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from her sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs, you *just* would turn you, while she shifts.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the Banquet poignant, and polite.
There is no woman, where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But with the modern Fair, meridian merit
Is a fiercething, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
Mark well the rowlings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.

" Or if you take a *Lyon* by the beard, *

" Or dare defie the fell *Hycanian* Pard,

" Or arm'd *Rhynoceros*, or rough *Russian* Bear,

First make your will; and then converse with Her.

This Lady glories in profuse expence,

And thinks *distraction* is magnificence.

To beggar her gallant is *some* delight,
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*.
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
 In *duel* fell two lovers, one run *mad*.
 Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
 Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.
 Thrice happy they! who think I boldly *feign*,
 And startle at a Mistress of my brain.

Flavia is constant to her old Gal'ant,
 And generously supports him in his want.
 But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
 A hell, no Lady so polite can bear.
 She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
 Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
 Nor least advantage has the Fair to plead,
 But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

Amasia hates a Prude, and scorns restraint;
 What'er she is, she'll not *appear* a saint:
 Her soul superior flies formality,
 So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
 Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
 Nor wou'd they be mistaken, if they shou'd.

Unmarry'd

Unmarry'd *Abra* puts on formal airs ;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.

Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer*, and *charity*.

And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
" Who wou'd not think that *Abra* was a maid ?

Some Ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed ?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be raviſht at threescore,
Then she submits to venture in the dark ;
And nothing, now, is wanting——but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in ſtate ;
She weds an *ideot* ; but she eats in *plate*.

The goods of fortune, which her ſoul poſſeſs,
Are but the ground of *unmade* happiness ;
The rude *material* ; *Wiſdom* add to *this*,
Wiſdom the ſole *artificer* of bliſs.

She from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,
Of *thin content*, can draw the ſubtle thread ;

But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.

If *Tullia* had been blest with *half* her sense,
None cou'd too much admire her excellence.
But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With understanding is she quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone.
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*;
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous Lord,
Pretends, the Fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence,
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no *design* but on her husband's *peace*;

He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd

At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

" *How charming this? — The pleasure lasted long;*

Now every day the fits come thick, and strong;

At last he found the Charmer only *feign'd*,

And was diverted, when he *should* be pain'd.

What greater vengeance have the Gods in store?

How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more?

She tries her thousand arts, but none succeed:

She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*;

Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,

Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious *Melania* rises to my view,

Who never thinks her Lover pays his due;

Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;

Her Majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.

His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,

As unoyl'd hinges, querilously shrill.

" You went last night with *Celia* to the ball."

You prove it false. " Not go? that's worst of all."

Nothing can please her, nothing *not* inflame;

And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.

Her

Her Lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen,
His *mirth* is an inexpressible sin.

For of all *Rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self
Is, if her Lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair,
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would *Melania* be surpriz'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty, but an air divine
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms*, because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace;
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *resist*, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.

"Folks are so aukward! things so unpolite!"

She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn to night.

Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes,

Each *creature's imperfections*, are her woes.

Heav'n by its favours has the fair distrest,

And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah! why so yain, tho' blooming in thy spring,

Thou *shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched* thing!

Old age *will* come, disease *may* come before,

Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*,

Thy fortune, and thy charms may soon decay;

But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,

Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,

Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks:

Then, *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine,

The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,

And knows her *wifer* husband is a *fool*;

Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*

That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;

For difficult amours can smoothe the way,

And tender letters *disclose*, or *convey*.

But

But if depriv'd of such important cares,
 Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
 For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
 Nor take her Tea without a stratagem;
 Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
 Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supream among amusements reign,
 By nature born to sooth, and entertain;
 Their prudence in a share of folly lies,
 Why will they be so weak, as to be wise?

Syrena is for ever in extreams,
 And with a vengeance she commends, or blames.
 Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
 She strains too much to make it understood.
 Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
 Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wife in actions great, and rare;
 But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
 Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
 Because the occasion is beneath her aim.
 Think nought a trifle, tho' it small appear;
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;

And

And trifles life. Your care to trifles give;
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with *Alicea*, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree.
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwasht her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen *Beffes* maidens might be mist,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.
Lovers beware! to wound how can she fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail;
For *H*———y the first *wis* she cannot be,
Nor cruel *R*———d the first *toast* for thee;
Since full each other station of *renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *Trope* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight,
A female *sloven* is an odious sight.

Fair *Isabella* is so fond of *fame*,
That her dear-self is her eternal theme;

Thro' hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,

"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"

When most the world applauds you, most beware;

'Tis often less a *blessing*, than a *snare*.

Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;

And dread even *there* to find a flatterer:

The breath of *others* raises our renown,

Our *own* as sure blows the pageant down;

Take up no more, than you by worth can claim,

Least soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame:

But own I must; in this perverted age,

Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.

So far is Worth from making glory sure,

It often hinders what it *should* procure.

Whom praise we *most*? the virtuous, brave, and wise?

No; wretches, whom in secret we despise.

And who so blind, as not to see the cause?

No rival's rais'd by such *discreet* applause;

And yet, of credit it lays in a store,

By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*;

Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?

So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
 To pay its loss, they think *all others few*.
 Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
 Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.

But *Clio* thus. "What, railing without end?
 "Mean task! how much more generous to commend?"
 Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
 My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.

"*Daphnis*, says *Clio*, has a charming eye:
 "What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry?
 "*Aspasia's* shape indeed—but then her air—
 "The man has parts who finds destruction, there.
 "*Almeria's* wit has something that's divine;
 "And wit's enough—how few in all things shine?
 "*Selina* serves her friends, relieves the poor—
 "Who was it said *Selina's* near threescore?
 "At *Lucia's* match I from my foul-rejoice,
 "The world congratulates so wise a choice;
 "His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
 "But mortgages will sap the best estate.
 "In *Sherley's* form might cherubims appear,
 "But then—she has a *freckle* on her ear."
 Without a *but*, *Hortensia* she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends;

Owens her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright;
But how comes this to pass?—the dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at Satire rail;
Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* praise prevail;
And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
On *others* fame, thro' fondness for our own.

Of rank, and riches proud, *Cleora* frowns;
For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns*?
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address
The height of *avarice*, and *pride* confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *Cit*,
And quite as much detested, as a *Whore*.
Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom* from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.
That happiness which great ones often lose,—
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Thence

Themselves unblest : the poor are *only* poor ;
 But what are they who *droop* amid their store ?
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state* ;
 The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with Kings,
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
 Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense* ;
 Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.
 Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
 See, how they beg an alms of flattery ?
 They languish ! oh support them with *alms* !
 A *decent competence* we fully taste ;
 It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast :
 More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone ;
 The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,
 To feel their great abundance ; and request
 Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest ;
 To see their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
 And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls ! and touch'd with warmth divine,
 Give gold a price, and teach its *beams* to *shine*,
 All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
 Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.

Grand *reservoirs* of publick happiness,
 Thro' *secret* streams diffusively they bless;
 And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
 Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.
 But Satire is my task, and *these* destroy
 Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
 Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
 And blast our common enemy, G———n:
 But our *invectives* must despair success,
 For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame?
 Or is't *Asturia*? that affected dame?
 The brightest forms, thro' *affectation*, fade
 To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made;
 Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
 We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes;
 In *Albucinda*'s native grace is seen
 What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
 Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
 Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.
 Here, might I sing of *Mommia*'s mincing mein,
 And all the movements of the soft machine;

How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the *bohea*, and inflame the *bean*;
While one white *finger*, and a *thumb*, conspire
To lift the *cup*, and make the *world* admire,

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream;
As *Lethe*, dreadful to the love of *fame*.
What devastations on thy banks are seen?
What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been?
A *Hecatomb* of characters supplies
Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.

H — P — B — asperst by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal's the sweetner of a *female* feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, exploded *Tea*!
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give *Citronia*'s nose the lye? *

The Ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health, and virtue, blam'd;

At length to rescue man, the *generous* lass
 Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
 As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd,
 Who *suckt* the poyson from her husband's wound.
 Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
 But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O *Juvenal*! for thy severer rage!
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.
 Are there among the females of our isle
 Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?
 There are. Vict, once by *modest nature* chain'd,
 And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd,
 Without thin *decency* held up to view,
 Naked she stalks o'er *law*, and *gospel* too.
 Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
 Men sigh in vain, for *none*, but for their *wives*;
 Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
 And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
 Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
 And one eternal tempest of debate.
 What foul eruptions from a look most meek?
 What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek?

Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand ;
 But then, their *reason* is at due command.
 Is there whom you detest, and seek his life ?
 Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.

Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
 And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them ?

What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see ?
 And *Misses*, *antient* in iniquity ?
 What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming ?
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming ?
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
 Such griping avarice, such profuse expence,
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
 Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
 Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
 'Tis not a world, but Chaos of mankind,

Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-drest *Belle*
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell* ;
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
 Who listen less to C———ns, than St. *Paul*.

Atheists have been but rare, since nature's birth;
 'Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
 This daring character, in timorous things,
 Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,
 A match for nothing—— but the *Deity*.

But not to wrong the fair, the muse must own
 In this pursuit they court not *fame* alone;
 But join to that a more substantial view,
 " From thinking free, to be free agents too.

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down
 In complaisance to all the fools in town.
 O how they tremble at the name of *prude*?
 And die with shame, at thought of being *good*?
 For what will *Artimis* the rich and gay,
 What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
 They Heav'n defie, to earth's vile dregs a slave,
 Thro' cowardice, most execrably brave.
 With our own judgments durst we to comply,
 In virtue should we live, in glory die.
 Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise,
 They dread a Satire, who defie the skies.

Atheists are few; most nymphs a godhead own,
 And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
 From Atheists far, they steadfastly believe
 God is, and is almighty — to *forgive*.
 His other excellence they'll not dispute;
 But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.
 Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
 A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
 Will the great author us poor worms destroy,
 For now and then a *sip* of transient joy?
 No, he's for ever in a smiling mood,
 He's like themselves; or how cou'd he be good?
 And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose —
 Devoutly, thus, *Jehovah* they depose
 The *pure!* the *just!* and set up in his stead
 A Deity, that's perfectly *well bred*.

“ Dear *T—l—n!* be sure the best of men;
 “ Nor thought he more, than thought great *Origen*.
 “ Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd;
 “ Poor *Satan!* doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
 “ Let priests do something for their one in ten;
 “ It is their *trade*; so far they're honest men.
 “ Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
 “ And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black*;

" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
 " From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
 " Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
 " But then they leave our *untyt'd* virtue free.
 " *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show,*
 " Did ever mortal write like *Rochefoucault*?
 Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
 And pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
 Nature disjoins the *beauteous*, and *prophane*.
 For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's face?
 Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
 She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
 The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline; the Fair long Vigils keep:
 They sleep no more! * *Quadrille* has murder'd sleep.
 " Poor K—p! cries *Livia*; I have not been there
 " These two nights, the poor creature will despair.
 " I hate a crowd—— but to do good, you know——
 " And people of condition shou'd bestow.
 Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run,
 Now set a daughter, and now stake a son;

* *Shakespeare.*

Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race — thro' *charity*.

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
I less shou'd blame this criminal delight;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our *short* beings shun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone,
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills,
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills,
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
Destroys the pow'r, and will of doing good,
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And what is still more dreadful — spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal*, and the *ruin* of our isle!
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From *Æolus's* cave impetuous broke;

From

From this small cavern a mixt tempest flies,
 Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
 For men, I mean, the Fair discharges none;
 She (guiltless creature!) swears to heav'n alone.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!
 Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.
 Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs!
 Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
 And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
 And on her pillow lays her aking head,
 With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
 The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round;
 Imaginary ruin charms her still,
 Her happy lord is cuckold'd by *Spadil*:
 And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
 He marks the forehead of her *darling* son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair!
 Why is the rich *Atrides*' splendid heir
 Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,
 And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
 Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
 Why pale distraction thro' the family?
 See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
 And trembling servants from the tempest creep.

Why

Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?
 What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?
 Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
 O nothing, but last night— my lady play'd.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
 Is this too owing to the love of *fame*?
 Though, now, your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd;
 'Twas, first, a *vain devotion* to the *mode*.
 Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;
 The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
 This may be said in honour of our times,
 That none, now, stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes,

If sin you must, take nature for your guide,
Love has some soft excuse, to sooth your pride;
 Ye fair apostates from love's antient pow'r!
 Can nothing *ravish* but a *golden show'r*?
 Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
 Must *Cupid* learn to *punt*, ere he can *please*?
 When you're enamour'd of a *list* or *cast*,
 What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chast*?
 Can *fame* like a *repique*, the soul entrance?
 And what is *virtue* to the *lucky chance*?
 Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
 They find no woman disengag'd—from play.

Why

Why pine the *marry'd*? O severer fate!

They find from play no disengag'd — *estate*,

Flavia, at lovers false *untouch'd*, and *hard*,

Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.

Nor *Arria*'s bible can secure her age;

Her threescore years are shuffling with her Page.

While *death* stands by, but 'till the game is done,

To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long *his own*;

Like old cards ting'd with sulphur she takes fire;

Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.

Ye Gods! with *new* delights inspire the fair;

Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen* close

In my complaint, and brand your fins in *prose*:

Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,

In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.

Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,

Advice to *right*, confirms us in the *wrong*.

I hear you cry, " This fellow's very odd."

When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?

But I've a charm your anger shall controul,

And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light

That bursts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your sight.

What

What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?

Her deeds are precepts, her example, law.

'Midst empire's charms, how *Carolina's* heart

Glow with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*?

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,

Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:

When in my page, to ballance numerous faults,

Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,

She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew

From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.

* Thus the majestick mother of mankind,

To her own charms most amiably blind,

On the green margin innocently stood,

And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal flood;

Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,

And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

† In more than civil war, *while patriots storm*;

While Genius is but cold, their passion warm;

While publick good aloft, in pomp, they wield,

And private interest skulks behind the shield;

While

* *Milton.*

† *Lucan.*

*While M—t, and W—ns rise in weekly might;
 Make presses groan, lead senators to fight,
 Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
 The pamper'd mob with ministers of state;
 " * While Atè hot from hell makes herôes shrink,
 " Crys havock, and lets loose the dogs of ink;
 Nor rank, nor sex escapes the general frown,
 But ladies are ript up, and cits knocks down;
 Tremendous farce! where even the victor bleeds,
 And he deserves our pity, that succeeds;
 Immortal Juvenal! and thou of France!
 In your fam'd field my Satire dares advance;
 But cuts herself a track, to you unknown,
 Nor crops your laurel, but wou'd raise her own;
 A bold adventure! but a safe one too!
 For, though surpass, I am surpass by You.*

** Shakespear.*

F I N I S.